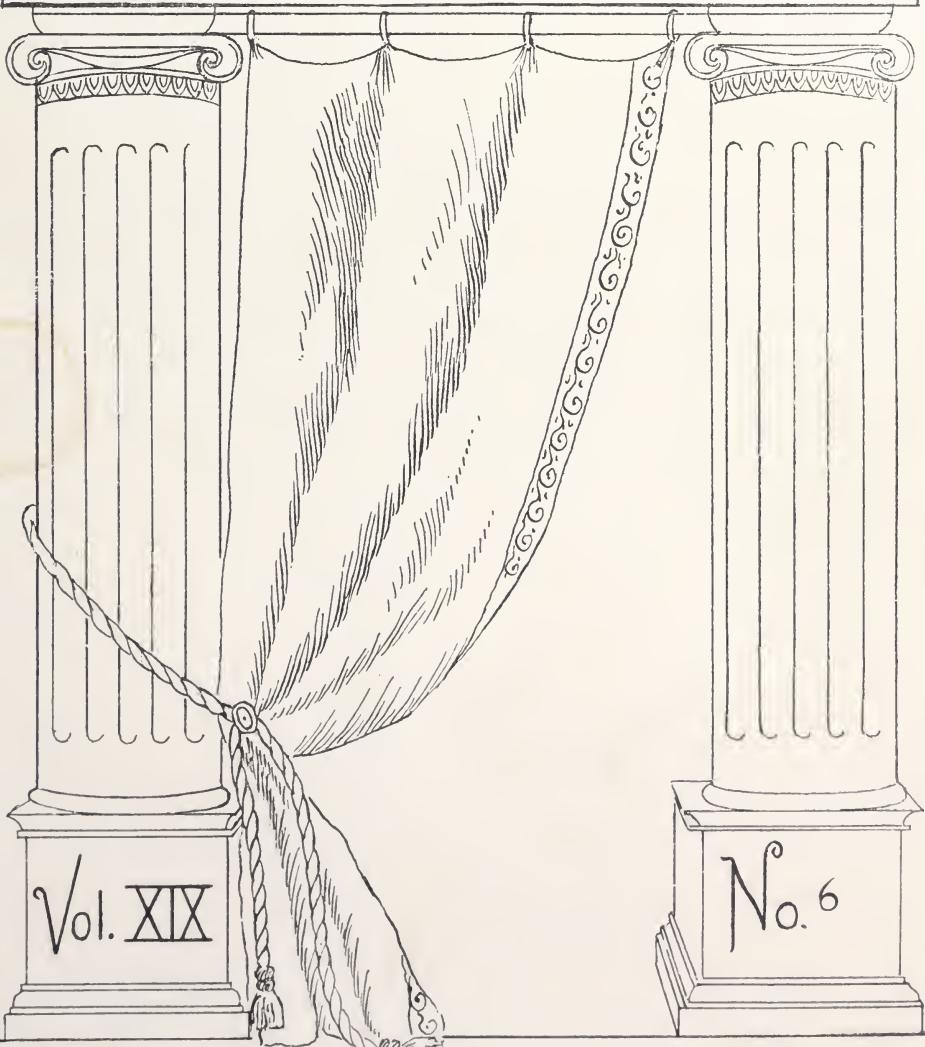


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REGISTER



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Latin School Register

Vol. XIX., No. 6

FEBRUARY, 1900.

ISSUED MONTHLY.

Class Poem.

JAMES GRAHAM WOLFF.

In distant past an unknown seed was sown ;
From which, through shining sun, and wind,
and rain,
A weakling plant has slowly, strongly grown,
Upheld by kindness, fortified by pain.
At first it quivered 'gainst the rude north
wind ;
Its vital force then nearly fought in vain ;
But soon a stronger life affected it :
Since, changed perhaps, still vigorous
remain
Those vital forces that in 'all the past
Were gathering with a power to last for
aye.
And now a rugged tree stands ever green,
Whose trunk, though gnarled, survives
without decay.

I see an infant placed in luxury ;
I see the hopes rise in a father's breast,
That he may see his son wax mightily,
And reach success e'er he depart to rest.
He lavishes upon him every boon,
That may his better nature serve to mould ;
Great pleasure will he know if his young
son
Exceed his own attainments manifold.
But of the mother ? Who can tell the
thoughts,
The sore anxiety a mother feels,
Reflecting on her son's expanding mind ;
How many times before her God she kneels,
And prays that he in trouble help may find.

But now the father thinks his work near
done :
And all the mother's care is changed to
pride :
They see him leave the place his father
reached,
And launch his boat upon the highest tide,

The passing years are gentle to them now,
And Old Age learns his terrors are all
gone ;
Before their trust Disquietude retires :
They offer thanks for happiness they've
won.
Oh, what a burden rests upon this youth,
Who hears still ringing in his restless brain
The sound advice his father's life has taught :
" Be diligent and true. That course is
plain ! "
His mother smiles in silence, radiant now,
Arousing in him ardent dauntlessness ;
For now he sees her ample confidence,
And vows, with manly tears, her love to
bless.

Smiled on by learning and by all good fates,
Alert his eye and skilful is his hand ;
His all before him, and his talent trained :
The future ruler of his native land.
Let him whom kindly Nature loves so well,
Embellished from the Muses' treasury,
Remember still his duty to mankind,
Repaying his account with usury :
For useless is the store-house full of corn,
When the sparse Winter howls about the
door,
Unless it's used to feed the hungry man,
And strengthen him in many perils more.
Besides, with his developed faculties,
A broader field is opened to his sight.
Which urges him to broaden it still more,
That far posterity his praise may write.

And thus the youth leaps forward to the fray
Relying on his growing skill and power ;
He feels himself the cynosure of eyes,
And vows to show his courage every hour.
Who cares what is the journey that he goes,
Or' what the sword he holds in his right
hand,
If only Duty is the road he takes,
And by the side of Conscience is his stand ?

So may you, Class-mates, at the broadening path,

With resolution bold, and armor bright,
Occasion challenge and reveal your worth,
Delighting Alma Mater still to write
Your names among her sons in glowing light.



Class-Day Oration.

W. F. MURRAY.

Ladies and Gentlemen :— A famous English statesman said some years ago, “The test of the progress of mankind will be in the appreciation of the character of Washington.”

The truth of that epigrammatic statement was long ago conceded. By assembling here to-day to honor the memory of George Washington, the distinguished hero of Revolutionary days, we bear testimony in the closing hours of the century that mankind is progressing, and give evidence of our hope and interest for the future of the country.

What do we find in the character of Washington chiefly to appreciate? What is the real reason for the large space he fills in American history?

It is not that he led successfully American patriots against tried soldiers of Great Britain, nor that he was the first President of the United States, nor is it for any fleeting honor or fame that Washington to-day is revered. It is because of his great and unselfish love of country, for his steadfast devotion to the cause of human liberty that we honor him.

Whence came these noble qualities that Washington possessed? Were these ideas instilled into his mind in youth by learned instructors, or did he acquire them by himself?

Washington was not fortunate enough to be sent to the Boston Latin School, and his school education only carried him through the three elementary branches of “readin,’ ‘ritin’ and ‘rithmetic,” a course in which he was able merely to sup from the Pierian spring.

In point of thoroughness Washington’s school education can hardly be compared with the education that has been afforded the students of the Latin School. And yet his life’s work proves to us that his education was complete, and that it was just the kind of training Washington needed.

Washington’s early education was furnished mainly by his kind mother, and an older brother who had been trained in England and served as an officer in the English Navy.

We can readily appreciate the diversity of ideas furnished the youthful George by these two persons. His mother, in her womanly gentleness, strove to teach her boy to be docile, kind, and quiet, while the roving brother, with his martial ideas, filled the boy’s mind with the wonders of a life at sea and the excitement of actual conflict.

What a training for a boy of thirteen or fourteen years of age to receive! How hard he must have labored to take in the ideas and learn the lessons of each! That he was commissioned midshipman in the English Navy, through the efforts of his brother, indicates to us how strong the fraternal influence was. Fortunately the mother would not consent to his leaving home, and his military spirits found vent in the Virginia militia, of which he was soon made Adjutant-General, and which he commanded in the French and Indian War, at the age of twenty-three.

By remaining at home until manhood, the lessons of his mother’s teachings were learned forever. By those teachings the warm temper which Washington inherited, and which was encouraged by his brother’s stories was so governed and directed that his companions, in arms as in peace, instinctively looked to him as their leader. He, indeed, had an “eye to threaten and command.”

Washington’s every desire was for peace, yet he did not hesitate to abandon his home and happiness in defence of right and liberty. He abhorred war, but once engaged in conflict he fought with that desperate courage that is sure to bring success.

His services in the French and Indian Wars showed him to be fearless and fortunate as a soldier, of great capabilities as a commander, and brought him to the attention of the veteran British generals. At that time Great Britain needed such men as he. Had he wished, he might have adopted the profession of arms, but he preferred the peaceful life of a planter to the turmoil and blandishments of war.

His action at the close of the Revolution is

wholly consistent with his retiring to his home after the French and Indian War. His fellow-citizens of Virginia perceived in him at that earlier time, as the people of the entire country recognized later, a man capable of managing affairs of state as well as those of the battle-field, and he was often elected to the Legislature.

As a statesman he was wise enough to foresee that the result of the struggle for representation would be war, if the Colonists persisted in their demands upon the King. He often counselled the withdrawal of these petitions, knowing that they would bring no good from Parliament.

* * *

The grand keynote of Washington's policy was "Nationalism." In every line of that great farewell message, that masterpiece which contains no absurd expressions as "innocuous desuetude" or "benevolent assimilation," he counsels us to be patriotic American citizens all the time, not part of the time, and to act together in all critical periods. Washington's words of advice are well summed up in that short triplet :

"In essentials, unity, in non-essentials, freedom, in all, harmony."

What a strong and convincing argument he makes against the spirit of "local pride!" Yet how totally unheeded is that wise admonition by the political campaigner of the present day, who says in a great closing peroration: "The fight is on. And in this struggle look to the place where our lines are closest to the enemy's, and there you will find me, whether as general or private."

Nor in this respect alone do we find at this time the wise counsels of Washington disregarded.

He tells us in that Farewell Address that "all obstructions to the execution of the laws, all combinations or associations under whatever plausible character, with the real design to direct, control, counter-act, or awe the regular deliberation and action of the constituted authorities are destructive of the fundamental principle of the right to establish government, and are of fatal tendency."

Can we not think of many such "combinations" as Washington warned us against, formed in our time?

He told us, too, that partisanship in affairs of state is a dreaded evil. "Party spirit," said he, "serves always to distract the public councils and enfeeble the public administration. It foments occasionally riot and insurrection." That he spoke wisely is surely attested by the deplorable condition of affairs in "old Kentucky," where public men have proudly boasted that they would "support a 'yellow dog' if he had the regular party endorsement."

Washington wrote: "Observe good faith and justice toward all nations. In the execution of such a plan nothing is more essential than that permanent, inveterate antipathies against particular nations and passionate attachments for others should be excluded and that in place of them just and amicable feelings toward all should be cultivated."

About one hundred years ago Washington steadfastly refused to swerve from this course even to render aid to glorious France, the sister republic which had done so much for us in our struggle for independence. What is the condition of affairs to-day? The great public men of the "mother country" and of our own republic make carefully prepared addresses in which they show that the interests of the two countries are common, and that it is the duty of each to enter a combination with the other to "Anglo-Saxonize" the world.

Perhaps our interests as a nation are common with Great Britain's; perhaps these interests are sufficiently great to warrant the formation of an offensive and defensive alliance with the greatest world-power of the nineteenth century; and perhaps we should see to it that Christianity be spread over the entire surface of the earth by the light of the fire-brand as well as of the Gospel. But before we form this alliance, which may in course of time prove to be "offensive," indeed, we should consider well Washington's sagacious query, "Why quit our own to stand upon foreign ground?"

If your answer be that you wish to control the great Eastern trade and to enter the "open door" to China, you will find sufficient reply in Washington's further remark, "Even our commercial policy should hold an equal and impartial hand, neither seeking nor granting exclusive preferences or favors."

Why this decided change from the "Nationalism," advocated by Washington and which resulted in the United States of America of 1789-1898, to "Internationalism," advocated by many sagacious statesmen of the hour, the sole result of which has so far been a tedious and inhuman war in the far-away Philippine Islands?

* * *

In the settlement of this question, as in all crises, we must look to the disinterested students of the country. But here I am reminded, my classmates, that you are disinterested students. Disinterested, I say, but perhaps unwisely, for during your entire course here you have been taught to be most zealously interested in the welfare of our country. You have heard repeated over and over again that old saying, "War's begun, School's done. *Deponite Libros.*" You have heard sung many times the praises of Latin School men who served their country in the hour of need, and you have ever been instructed to do likewise.

The time for instruction is fast drawing to a close. You soon will be sent out to the firing line in the battle of life, and there will be left to struggle as best you know how. That your equipment and preparation is of the very highest order is evidenced by the countless numbers of veterans who have returned from the strife heavily laden with the spoils of victory. Sufficient, indeed, would it be to say at parting, "Go ye, and do likewise." But at this particular time more can be justly expected of you. Your predecessors went forth for the most part in times of peace when things held to the even tenor of their way. You start forth in a critical time when the demand for brains fully equals, if indeed it does not exceed, the supply.

Washington was the product of a great crisis, but he was fully as great as the crisis. Was he better fitted for his life's work than you have been prepared for yours? And for many of you the end of the state of preparation is not even yet in sight. We learn from history that Washington was well trained in youth to train himself, and this he always did. He put into practical use throughout his life the lessons taught him in his youth, and if we follow his example in this respect there can be no doubt of our success.

We, sons of Massachusetts, the grand old Bay State, which has as its motto that significant emblem, "Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietem," and as a standard, the pure white flag of peace, are taught by these emblems to glorify that man whose whole life's work is embodied in them.

As pupils of this school we have been taught to appreciate the motives that inspired that great work and to emulate that character which is admired by all.

If we have learned these teachings, and if we continue in the direction in which we have been led by our instructors, we shall some day have it said to us to the boundless delight of Alma Mater and of those who taught us, "Servants of God, well done."



Brown Letter.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.,
FEB. 10, 1900.

TO MY FORMER SCHOOLMATES OF B. L. S.:

It gives me very great pleasure to write you something about Brown University, the college which I have chosen for my Alma Mater, as the representative of the three B. L. S. men who entered it this year.

As I presume the history of the college is unknown to most of you, a brief sketch will not be out of place. The cause which led to its foundation was the disabilities attaching to Baptist students in most of the universities then existing, and the wish to found one where they might receive a liberal education. The charter was secured from the Rhode Island legislature in 1764, and in the following year the college was established, under the name of "Rhode Island College," at Warren. In 1769, the year when Dartmouth was founded, the first class, seven in number, was graduated.

The same year saw the college removed to Providence. From 1776-1782 the work of the college was interrupted by the Revolutionary war, University Hall, the only building then in existence, being used as barracks and hospital for the French and American troops.

In 1840 the name of the college was changed to Brown University in honor of Nicholas Brown, a prominent benefactor of the college.

The college continued to grow slowly but

steadily in point of numbers, while new departments were constantly added. In the civil war 300 graduates and students entered the army, of whom twenty-one lost their lives. In 1889, when E. Benjamin Andrews became president, a new era began for the college. Whatever may be said about the man and his opinions, it must be admitted that he did a great work for Brown. He found the college in 1889 with 268 students. He left it in 1898 with 860, an increase of 200 per cent. in ten years. In the same time the officers of instruction increased from 22 to 73 and the departments from 16 to 25. And now in the first year of President Faunce, the outlook seems even wider.

In 1892 women were admitted to the degrees and graduate courses of the university, while in 1897 the Woman's College was made officially a part of Brown.

Now for the place itself. The college inclosure is about ten minutes' walk from the station, at the top of a hill up which the cars are drawn by cable. It is right in the swell part of the city. It is fronted by a campus lined with stately elms, and a short distance back from the street is the first row of buildings. Directly ahead is University Hall, the oldest of the college buildings. To its left is Manning, the old chapel, which now contains the Museum of Classical Archaeology. Beyond Manning is Hope, a type of the old style dormitory, such as you read about in "Stalkey and Co." To the right of University is Slater, another dormitory, and beyond that Rhode Island, the headquarters of the Comparative Anatomy department.

Beyond these buildings there is another stretch of campus, with one or two tennis courts, and then another line. First comes the chemical laboratory, then Sayles Hall, in which is the chapel, and then the Wilson Physical Laboratory. Behind the chemical laboratory is the gymnasium, and opposite, in the rear of Wilson, Maxey, the newest of the college buildings. Beyond the gymnasium is Lincoln Field, the old university playground, though the games now come off on Andrews Field, a new field finished last year.

Brown has the distinction of being a college which though affording perhaps more opportunities in the way of society functions, yet is most democratic. Those who wish to be social

lights have plenty of opportunities, as Providence is one of the strongholds of families with a pedigree. With all this, dudes are not wanted. There is a spirit of equality about the place. You rarely hear of cliques, as you do in most colleges, and every man is as good as his fellow, whether rich or poor.

There is the usual variety in teachers. Those in mathematics are fine. This year they are adopting the student adviser system in use at Harvard.

Gymnasium work is required here in the winter term, but not what that term usually conveys to the mind. In addition to a few sets of calisthenics we are being instructed in single-stick, fencing, and wrestling, all of which are great fun. After the exercises are over the men line up and have a game of hand-polo, which is "great."

Chapel attendance is compulsory, though a large number get out on account of having to work, coming on trains, or similar causes. Last fall it was the custom to have the doors kept open till the last man was in sight, and the fellows used to loiter along sometimes for five minutes after the bell stopped ringing. But one morning the mandate went forth that doors should close at 8.40 promptly. Accordingly, the next morning about two-thirds of the college got there too late. But, not disconcerted, they had a little service of their own, singing the Doxology and a few other songs, and winding up with cheers for the steward, followed later on by cheers for the faithful few who got there on time.

Brown is in the highest rank in athletics in New England after Yale and Harvard. In fact, there is really no college, except perhaps Wesleyan, in Brown's class, Dartmouth, which used to be, having been distanced. There was a great time in Providence the night of the Brown-Penn game last fall. They marched down street in their night-shirts, firing off rockets, and obstructing the electrics. After marching round a while and dancing about monuments and telegraph poles, they went back to Lincoln Field and had a bonfire. Harvard was the only team to shut Brown out last fall. Dartmouth was easy prey, 16-5. You all ought to know Brown's rank in base-ball. In the last five years it has won 10 out of 15 games from Harvard and has the advantage that cliques are not allowed to run things to such an extent.

Latin School men for some reason seem to have overlooked Brown in choosing their Alma Mater. There have been isolated instances, but I doubt if as many have ever entered at one time as did this year. I hope that this will not be the case hereafter and that the pupils of B. L. S. will deem Brown as worthy of their consideration as Dartmouth, if not more so.

Yours sincerely,
REGINALD L. BROWN.
B. L. S., ex-'99.

THE LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER.

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VINCENT O'GORMAN Business Manager.

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L. DWIGHT GRANGER Literary.
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F. X. O'DONNELL Military.

TERMS:—Fifty cents per year; by mail, sixty cents. Single copies, seven cents. Advertising rates on application.

Contributions are solicited from undergraduates.

All contributions must be plainly, neatly, and correctly written, and on one side only of the paper. Contributions will be accepted wholly with regard to the needs of the paper and the merits of the manuscript.

Published by the LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER CO., at the Boston Latin School, Warren Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Entered at the Boston Post Office as second-class mail matter.

Printed by J. FRANK FACEY, 36 Prospect Street, Cambridge.
Telephone 811-2.

FEBRUARY, 1900.

The REGISTER wishes to express its regrets for not being able to publish all the features of the Class Day programme.

It may be remembered that in the early part of September the school entertained a party of visitors from England, one of whom, Rev. J. Hirst Hollowell of Rochdale, Secretary of the Northern Counties Education League, addressed a division of the first class. In December Dr. Merrill received a letter from this gentleman asking for data about the school and a list of our more famous alumni, saying that there were many people in England who could not believe that there was such a school as ours, under civic authority and supported by the city, where boys of every race and creed might be prepared for college entirely free of expense; and that the opposition to a public school system in England came from those who feared the clash of race and creed might result in disaster. The reply to the communication was that the school could boast that in all its history no such difficulty has arisen, and that the school's efficiency has never been impaired in the least by anything of this sort.

* * * * *

It is only when we are brought face to face with the fact that we can realize that in other lands men are contending against rock-bedded opposition for that which we are accustomed to take as a matter of course, the American privilege of free education. In no other land (perhaps it had better be said, under no other government) is there a system of free public schools where the rich and the poor, the native and foreign-born child, the followers of widely different creeds, may mingle together without loss of caste, without discord, and with beneficent results to all. And perhaps it may be claimed that the B. L. S. is the parental institution, founded in 1635, the first free "publick schoole" of New England.



An editorial in regard to athletics and sweaters, or athletes and sweaters if you will, in last month's REGISTER called forth a storm of criticism, of several varieties, against its writer. Therefore, in view of that it would not, perhaps, be out of place to call to the school's attention the fact that such criticism would be most welcome, if written out and signed by the writer. If there is some one feature of school life here, one about which you think you, have some good, strong, *original* opinions by all means write them out. Not only would such letters be accepted, but they would add greatly to the value of the school paper as a representative sheet of the school. Are you going to patronize the "Asked and Answered Letter Box" column of the REGISTER?"



On February 12, J. D. Williams, B. L. S., '99, was elected president of the Harvard Freshman Debating Club for the second half-year. He was one of a Freshman Debating team of three who were publicly presented with pewter cups on February 15 for defeating Worcester High school, at the same time that the Varsity Debaters who won from Princeton received their gold medals.



The officers of the Interscholastic Rowing Association for the ensuing year are: Phillips, B. L. S., president; Kendall, B. and N., vice-president; Maas, C. H., secretary; Fairchild, V. S., treasurer. Newton High has been admitted to the association. Some of the crews will row under B. A. A., and others under Union Boat Club management.

Harvard Notes.

According to Loughlin, the only senior in Harvard who has played on the 'Varsity baseball team, the most likely of all the Freshmen who have come to his notice are Lancy of last year's Brookline High team, Dudley Clark, B. L. S., ex.-1900, and Harry Minton of our last year's team. Coming as it does from a man who made the 'Varsity team in his freshman year, who will be Captain Reid's right hand man this spring, and who knows personally none of the three men, this commendation of our old friends is the more gratifying. The only trouble is that all three men are aiming for the same difficult position of third base. Clark's magnificent batting will undoubtedly give him the preference, but in the event, which would not be surprising, of his making the 'Varsity, Minton's stick-work should land him on the class team ahead of Lancy.

A new method of electing class officers was adopted at Harvard two years ago by the institution of the Australian ballot system. A further step in the line of true democracy was taken this fall, when the societies announced that they would not combine on any "slate." It may or may not be on account of these improvements that the list of officers contains this year two men whom the teachers in the Latin School, and perhaps some of the scholars who are prolonging their course, will remember. These are Herbert H. Wadleigh, ex.-'97, and Durant F. Drake, '96, who hold positions on the class committee. Drake owes his prominence to his brilliant scholarship, which is quite as conspicuous in the broader field as it used to be at Latin School. Wadleigh won the approval of the students by his cool and skilful conduct as coxswain of the triumphant 'Varsity crew of last spring, and he is counted on for a like performance this year.

At the recent award of scholastic honors there were several Latin School men in prominence. Of the senior class, Drake, Oakman, Seaver, and McGawley, B. L. S. '96, and Bauer and Landry, '97, were noticed; and in the junior several others. Nichols and Shurtleff received second year honors in Classics, and Minard and Chamberlain were recognized for general excellence. Reed,

whose declamations will doubtless be recalled, was awarded a detur. These men, as well as Landry and Bauer, were all members of the famous class of '97.

The mantle of Warren and White, those Latin School men who have upheld the reputation of the school in debating for several years past, will find worthy shoulders to fall upon in the person of Williams, our orator of last year. The class debating societies at Harvard have been holding matches with preparatory school and other societies, and have not been uniformly victorious. The Sophomore society, notably, sent to Exeter a team containing one of the best men in the college, and was beaten. The Freshmen club sent a team to Worcester Academy, and won; and its success was due, as was generally acknowledged, to the clever speaking and reasoning of Williams. An effort is being made to bring Williams out for the Yale debate; and if he enters the trials he will have a chance to measure himself with the best the college boasts of.

The Phi Beta Kappa list for this year includes the name of Aubrey E. Landry, 1900, of Memrancook, N. B. It was stated in a previous number that Landry had been granted admission to the senior class; and it may be added that if he equals his record of last year, when he got six A's, he will be very nearly, if not quite, at the head of his class, although he has had only three years in which to complete his course; and he will also be very nearly, if not quite, the youngest graduate of the year. He is, therefore, entitled to our sincerest congratulations. Latin School men have stood high in scholarship and have found their way into the Phi Beta Kappa before, but never under circumstances redounding more to their credit.

Harry Minton has been chosen to represent the freshman class on the Board of Directors of the Harvard Catholic Club. As scarcely less than seventy-five Catholics entered the freshman class this year, out of whom the club could choose, Minton's election is in no small degree flattering. The position is one of opportunity for exacting work rather than of honor, and though the election is by majority vote, the nomination is ordinarily

made by leaders of the club, who select the man who appears to be best qualified for the office, which especially demands tact and common-sense. Minton has thus far fully come up to expectations in the performance of his duties.

Charlie Daly is again down for the broad jump in this year's track athletics, and ought to be able to raise his old mark several inches.

Bent is going to make a strong pull for a position in that Freshman boat. His experience gives him a good head-start, and the fidelity he has always shown to his tasks will stand him in good stead.

Dever, '99, will make his first appearance on the track immediately after the mid-year examinations. Dever's preference is for the hurdles, but there is rather a better opening for him in the sprints.

Miller, '99, has developed so rapidly in the last year that he ranks as one of the strong men of his class, and is being urged to take up shot-putting and hammer-throwing. He has not yet decided definitely, but he may try for the Mott Haven team. J. O'G., '97.



The Failure of The "Wabash Times."

My assignments that evening were but few in number and easily covered to boot, and so I congratulated myself that for the remainder of the raw, misty night I could doze beside the old sheet-iron stove of the city-room in the most comfortable chair I could possibly get possession of by hook or crook, and with my over-coat for a pillow.

But as was usually the case my slumbers were soon interrupted, but not, however, this time by the city editor's, "Mr. Billings!" A rough shake set me upright in my chair facing the grinning countenance of him who had been the erst-while plague and nuisance of the office, until out of pity for his fellow-reporters, an old uncle, who had gone West some fifty years before, and who owned a half interest in the "*Times*," beside a three-quarters' interest in about everything else in Wabash that was worth owning, secured for him

the managing editorship of the *Wabash Times* and Jenks had departed some four months previous with a glorious send-off from the fellows, and a firm determination to raise the journalistic standard of the West in general, and of Wabash in particular. But from that day not a word had we heard from Jenks, and we were beginning to consider him as a thing of the past, when he suddenly came to life again by his sudden appearance at the office that night. Jenks had calmly appropriated a chair; he drew it up beside mine, lighted one of his confounded, sickish cigarettes (he never would smoke anything else) and began his tale of woe.

"Bill, old man, I feel like kicking somebody, but the only trouble is I don't know whether I want to kick myself, the Wabashites, collectively and individually, Jack Twombly, or the old fool himself. The fact is Bill, I've made an ass of myself, ruined my professional reputation, and lost the only decent job I ever had in my life, merely because I turned out a better paper than their feeble intellects could stand. Talk about your eastern conservatism! I'll be hanged if I wouldn't rather take the job of convincing fifty old maids of the strictest New England principles that the Continental Sunday or dress-reform were the two most proper and necessary things in the world, than to try to tell an old farmer of the Wabash variety that something in his code of ethics could bear changing, or to introduce some improvement to him. The term "old farmer" is applied, you know, to the old farmers's relations in general without regard to age or sex.

"For the first couple of months things went along in humdrum fashion. The old man was tickled. The paper sold pretty well those days, and then I started out to educate the tastes of the county-side, and incidentally to get out a red-hot, paying sheet.

"The favorite Sunday afternoon diversion, next to swimming in an old mud-hole, of the younger element of the blockheads, that is, those who hadn't a girl they could take to drive, was to get behind an old barn, — the eye-sore of the *Times* office, by the way, — and scrap. Now I don't hold scrapping the worst thing in the world, but considering the time they took for their pugilistic smash-ups and

the fact that a couple of the tougher element, who in a large city would be called ward-bosses, were the presiding officers at these Sunday afternoon prayer meetings (i. e. they were the "backers," fronters, I should call them). I guessed it was about time to call a halt, and so I wrote a soothing "leader" suggesting that back-yard "goes" should cease on Sunday afternoons, and that an athletic club be formed in order that the citizens as a body might attend and see that things were well carried on. The papers were hardly on the street before the storm broke. I had expected a little gentle opposition, but it was the straw that broke the camel's back. Uncle Jud was up on his nerves, and raked me over the coals in great style. He said he couldn't have his paper meet with the odium of the town. It would bankrupt him. Besides, one of these country bosses who was a forty-fifth cousin or something by marriage (in Wabash everybody is somehow related to everybody else), had come to him and had impressed him deeply that as owner of the paper he ought to keep an eye on the sheet, and see that no upstart from the East should run it so as to injure his (the old man's) relations. Well, I got matters smoothed up after a while, although everybody in the whole county thought that they had each received a personal insult.

"After that I resigned the care of their morals to the one clergyman of the place; (their morals must have been in excellent condition; good as new, since they had never been used, so far as I could see).

"Then I went in to educate their tastes and I instituted a Sunday paper, but that was more than they could stand. Not a single copy of the one number I got out was sold. The people were too much interested in visiting their closer friends and gossiping about their neighbors to care about news on Sunday from the world, and, besides, Sunday was a day on which you could get all the neighborhood news for nothing, without paying five cents for it. And that Sunday number was a *corker*, too.

"Then I went in for turning out an illustrated paper. My first attempt was not a success. The clergymen of the county held their annual convention about this time in

Wabash, and, in pursuance of my plan, two solid pages of the *Times* that evening were filled with cuts of the leading ministers. But I had made a mistake. Every second subscriber called, and left his or her ideas on the subject. The prevailing sentiment was that inasmuch as they had paid (more properly it should have been said were going to pay) for sixteen pages of reading matter they ought to receive the sixteen pages. 'Who wanted the pictures of them ministers, anyway?'

"But I did better the next week. Over in the adjoining county a rip-roaring murder had been committed, and I secured a series of really interesting sensational cuts, and these satisfied the popular demand to a T. This was really the cause of my downfall and the fact that I am here now. Encouraged by my success I made arrangements with a leading daily in the East to take some of their best copyrighted cuts after they had got through with them. I thought surely war cuts would take.

"Well, soon after we received word of the great charge of the Boer cavalry on the rear guard of the retreating British column, we received a swell sketch, which Jack Twombly, the war correspondent of the *London Post*, had made just after the Boer horsemen had passed the spot where he had hidden himself so as to command a view of the final shock.

"In our next number Twombly's sketch appeared in state on our front page, and it made the toniest 'Times' that the natives had ever seen. Twombly had represented the scene as taking place on a gently sloping hill-side. In the back-ground a terrific hand-to-hand struggle was going on; the main figure was that of a noble looking British soldier, of distinguished mien, and commanding stature, who was lying wounded, half supported by his horse, which was also unable to rise. About him were his wounded comrades, and in the left-hand corner, almost directly under the fallen fighter, was scrawled 'J. Twombly.' It was that combination of signature and figure that got me into the hole.

"My paper sold even better than I had expected. We had a great run that night and

when I got on the street everybody was looking at and talking about our leading ent.

" I was congratulating myself on the hit I had made until I got home, and heard the townsmen's part of the story from my worthy landlady.

" It appeared that a year or so before my arrival in Wabash the town had suffered severely at the hands of one Jake Twombly, horse-thief, chicken-thief, gambler, desperado, and an all-around thug generally, until at last Jake had shot a leading citizen. After this escapade he had 'dusted,' and Wabash knew him no longer. There were all sorts of rumors about, all the way from the one that Jake had been converted and was now a preacher in the East, down to the one that hinted Jake had made his departure from the land of the living at the hands of a boon companion, up in the hills. And now on the strength of the *Times*' cut he had suddenly come to life again, a full-fledged fighting man and hence a hero. No wonder the old town was aroused. If worthless Jake Twombly could rise to so high a pitch of eminence as to have his picture in the big London and New York papers, to what heights could every young man in the town attain back there where Western nerve and push must be at a premium?

" I thought to myself that if the worthy *Jacobus* should turn up just then he would find about as soft a snap awaiting him as one could expect, but before I could set matters right I was called to Chicago on business, and during my absence the trouble happened.

" From the next train arriving from the East after my departure two soldierly looking serving men alighted, tenderly supporting between them an apparently much banged-up specimen of the human race. They called for the only depot hack Wabash afforded, placed their master inside, and ordered the interested Jehu to drive to Wabash's leading hotel. After they had entered the portals of the Squanicook, it began to be noised about that Jake Twombly had got home, and the town was cast into a fever of excitement. Big Bill Carson, the mayor, who owned the finest house in Wabash, said he would be blowed if he was going to let the city's guest stay at that old ramshackle (the Squanicook, by the way, was owned by Bill's political, business, and social rival), and, accordingly, Jake, with his two men, was forthwith installed within the Carson domicile, where he received the unstinted homage of Wabash and was treated as the social lion of the season.

" Jake had been living on the fat of the land for about two weeks, when one morning a portentous looking document arrived at the

Postoffice, fairly covered with seals and foreign postmarks, and addressed to

HON. LIEUT. TWOMBLY OF HER MAJESTY'S GUARDS.

" The result of the arrival of the letter was that the next day the contingent of "Her Majesty's Guards" departed in a Pullman, to which they had been escorted by the enthusiastic townsmen in a body.

" This was on a Saturday, the day on which the farmers from the outlying districts came to town with their produce and the National bank did its heaviest business. That Saturday, in addition to its usual deposits, Bach & Co., the Chicago grain dealers, had left some \$25,000 in its vaults over Sunday.

" That night the old bank watchman was shot, the vaults blown open in the most approved professional style, and a matter of some \$50,000 in cash and a like amount of negotiable papers secured.

" My business manager, a slow piece, whom I had left in charge of my paper during my absence, failed to work up the matter in any sort of shape, and all that was known was gained through rumor.

" But the Pinkertons were put on the case, and in very short order they connected the deed and Twombly's visit, had located him, completed their chain of evidence, and had landed their man.

" Then they sprung the story on Wabash; how they had been taken in by the cut in the *Times*, how Jake Twombly, who had been spending his enforced vacation from Wabash under the tuition of some leading safe-crackers of the East, had heard of it, and planned the robbery of the Wabash National Bank, operating and perfecting his plans as a guest at Carson's; in short, how utterly stupid and green those Wabashites were.

" This last fact, and the fact that the gang had been sharp enough to place their haul where the authorities could not reach it, set the people wild. They couldn't blame the authorities, they couldn't touch the perpetrators of the deed, so they landed on me, the alleged cause of the whole trouble. They mobbed the office, smashed up everything they could lay hands on, and swore that in the future if a county paper was supported at all, it should be a home production, run on home standards, by home-bred editors.

" Uncle Jud dismissed me in disgrace without a cent. I raked up just enough to get out of town with my skin whole.

" I've got enough of the West for the rest of my life-time, also of the job of running a one-horse county paper. The boss has taken me back, and I've gone to work this evening. I'm much obliged for that send-off you fellows gave me. It made me feel that I was leaving friends, and I'm so blamed glad to get back I'm almost thanking the block-heads for the failure of the *Wabash Times*."

Athletics.

The January REGISTER contained an earnest appeal to the fellows of the school to support the track team to the best of their ability. It was therefore much to its regret that on the day on which the REGISTER was issued it was announced that no track athletics were to be held at this school this season. This action was taken because it was believed that there were only a very few who would enter into the sport with sufficient earnestness and perseverance to warrant the trouble and expense, and that the aim of the majority was merely "to have some fun."

Several of the fellows are in training and a relay team, headed by Whorf, who will run at the Interscholastic Meet, is to be selected from the following: Guild, McMahan, Shanahan, Downey, Whorf, and Parmelee.

At a recent meeting of the Advisory Committee on Athletics, H. F. Phillips was confirmed as temporary captain of the crew for the coming season. The selection of a crew will probably begin about the last of March. Phillips and Guild of last year's crew will probably be called away early to the All-Interscholastic, and, therefore, four men will be given an opportunity to make the crew, which we hope will be as successful as in past years.

Our old stand-by on the foot-ball team, "Bill" Gately, has left us for Frye's school. It is his intention to enter college in the fall.

A. H. Pierce has been appointed and confirmed as temporary captain, and W. F. Murray, temporary manager of the base-ball nine. We have three members of last year's team left. Pierce, McGrath, and Gartland. We could make use of a few more old men, but as it is, there is an excellent opening for new men to show what they can do in this line. The management wish not only to request some nine or ten men who feel practically sure of making the team to respond when a call is made about April 1, but they wish to offer encouragement to the fellow who can play a little, but who knows or thinks he knows that he cannot make the team, to come out and make the best men fight for their positions.

Clark of Room 9 has gone to E. H. S.

Debating.

On February 5 competition for the second public debate, to be held in March, was begun, when Ford, Phillips, Schafer, and Granger on the affirmative, and Field, Ferber, Bergson, and Ham on the negative argued on the question: Is the English government superior in form and operation to the government of the United States? The judges, Messrs. Jackson, Morse, and Stone, decided in favor of the negative.

The second trial debate was held on February 13. The question was: Resolved, that the constitution of the United States ought to be amended so as to provide for the popular election of United States senators. The sides were: Affirmative, Levy, Lublin, and Knight; negative, Newman, Nelson, and Taylor. Decided in favor of the affirmative.

On February 20, the question was whether Greek should be considered essential to a liberal education. The affirmative was maintained by Bruce, Murray, DeWolfe, the negative by Kneeland, O'Gorman, and McIsaac. The affirmative desired that Mr. Fiske, as an authority on matters pertaining to Greek, should be one of the judges, but this wish was strenuously opposed by the negative.

Early in the season it was decided to hold a debate with some outside school. Brighton High School accepted our challenge, and we, as the challenging party sent them our subject on February 14, as a valentine. This question was not accepted by them. A team for this debate will be chosen by competition. The debate will be held on April 18, at 8 P. M. at the Brighton High School.



Military Notes.

Our time of late has been spent chiefly in practising battalion movements in order to present an interesting parade on the twenty-first of February, the day of celebration at our school. Our efforts have met with signal success and the exhibition is one worthy of any high school. We have some new movements which make the drill a very interesting one. There are some changes in the dress parade:

the omission of the marching of the drum-corps, and the marching of the officers across the hall from one side to the other and not, as before, from one end of the hall to the other. It is suggested that this latter change was made because of the fear that the younger officers might look up at the balconies to see if their sisters were there. Of course, we staid old veterans could not be suspected of doing such a thing.

As yet there has been no colonel appointed. However, the battalions are excellently commanded. The charge of the exhibition drill is divided between the two battalion commanders. Major Pierce takes charge of the battalion and regimental drill, and Major Murray has charge of the regimental parade. During the regimental drill Captain Pigeon takes command of the second battalion.

The following schools have recently held their annual dances, which have all been attended by Latin school men: English High, Brighton High, Roxbury High, Charlestown High, West Roxbury High, Roxbury High Alumni, Lynn Classical High and Wakefield High Schools.

Alfred B. Baker, '02, who has been out of school for several weeks on account of illness, has entered the Bryant & Stratton Commercial School for the remainder of the year.

On February 2 an entertainment was held at the R. S. H. S., the leading feature of which was a German play. Consequently several members of the German section of Class 1 attended for the sole purpose of self improvement in that tongue.



Class Party.

On the afternoon of February 22, the graduating class will hold a dance in the drill hall, from 2 till 6.30 o'clock. Poole's orchestra will furnish the music.

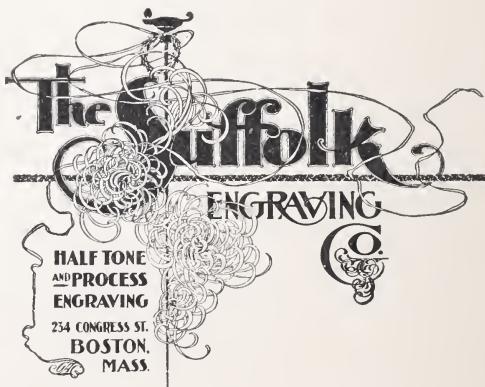
This is a party given by the class of 1900, to the whole school and the support of all is desired. After expenses are paid, all the remaining money goes to the school athletic fund, so, by supporting the dance, one helps toward two worthy ends.

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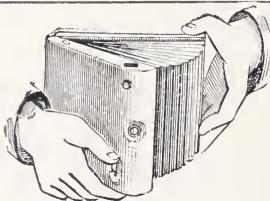
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(Signed)

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